S500

The ~ Girl ~ in ~ Blue.

S500

A Prince Charming Romance of Business Girl Life in New York. BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

WINOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Hilda Glichrist, a stenographer, is engaged to Jack Bruce, a law clerk. Her late uncle, whose sole heiress she is, was reputed rich. Hyde Chayton, Hilda's employer, is anxious to marry her in order to find some clue to this uncle's estate. Clayton's henchman, Ezra Raynor, offers to help his master in finding the fortune. Hilda discovers in a strong box of her uncle an apparentily blank sheet of paper. On this paper words and figures are treated in sympathetic thk. A cryptogram is thus formed which, by an easy method, they translate. It contains directions to the whereabouts of the fortune. Clayton and Raynor gain access to the safe-deposit vaults, where they believe the fortune is kept. They are interrupted by Harry Furlong, an employee of the Safe-Deposit Company.

CHAPTER X.

One Wasted Crime-and Another ON'T shoot!" whispered Clayton, as Ezra drew his revolver; "these vaults aren't sound proof and we'll have the police catching us like rats in a trap. Cold steel is the thing. But stun him instead if you can."

It was a strange picture that the one flickering ges jet disclosed: The lowcelled, stone-floored room, the dim corners and gloomy walls seeming alive with lurking shapes; the pale, furious man charging empty-handed on the two white-masked robbers, the faint glitter of steel in Raynor's hand.

Taking no heed of Ezra, who stood blow for his masked face.

timself in a grip of steel.

Back and forth the fighters reeled, now circling in the centre of the room, now caroming off the walls. And ever end to the combat the moment they nould remain stationary long enough ranted such exertion. for his knife to strike a vital spot.

Through a mist of red, Clayton caught one glimpse of his alert henchman. your pistol butt will do the trick." Dimly Furlong caught the import of

He had just succeeded in gaining the old-fashioned "underhold," and, with both arms twined about the small of the sick horror that the scene he had just witnessed had cast over him. Clayton's back and his chin buried in the hollow between Clayton's shoulder and collarbone, was forcing his foe gradually backward, until the latter's spine threatened to snap.

As the sense of Clayton's speech out under the gas jet.

slowly began to penetrate Furiong's Hand in breast pocket, Exra Reynor "Idiot!" growled Clayton. Is this a slow-working brain he withdrew one stood behind him watching over Hyde's time for fool jokes? We've staked our

guess his purpose, snatched off the handkerchief mask.

As he did so he released his grip through sheer surprise, and staggere back a step.
"Mr. Clayton!" he panted amazedia "Mr. Clayton, the lawyer-a common

bank robber." "We must kill him," said Hyde calmly. "We can't let him live with that knowledge. Take him, Ezra."

He spoke as if urging a dog on to attack. And, obedient as a dog, Ezra Raynor, snarling with hate and rage, flung himself, knife in hand, on Furlong. What followed is neither pleasant nor profitable to describe.

When Ezra had wiped his knife clean of the dead man's blood he did not put the weapon back in its sheath or in the inner pocket whence he had taken it. With a covert glance at Clayton he thrust the knife into his breast pocke whence it could more readily be drawn It was no part of Ezra's plan that he and Hyde Clayton should share equally (according to their agreement) in what-ever treasure the strong-box might

He intended, as he and Muriel had planned, to stick to Clayton as long as commwhat in the background, Furlons the latter could be of use to him and rushed at Clayton and almed a furlous then to throw him over. The particular form of "throwing him over," which Clayton blocked the blow and, relying now suggested itself to Egra's mind, on his great strength and weight, closed was to stab him to death and leave his with his lighter opponent. He found body beside Furlong's, a knife in the hand of each. In the morning it would be supposed that each of the two vio

But a cool, calculating element in his about them crept Raynor, knife in nature led the murdarer to defer the hand, ready to put a sudden and fatal second crime until he might determine whether the contents of the box war-

It is even to be feared that his promise to share his gains with Muriel did not enter largely into his calculations. "Don't stab," he panted. "He doesn't Wealth and freedom, he argued, were recognize us. A blow on the head from infinitely preferable to half that wealth and the encumbrance of a shrewish woman for whom he did not care. "Come!" exclaimed Clayton, shaking

"Let's get at the box and begone. It isn't theft, but murder, we must answer for if we're caught now." Taking out a chisel, he set furiously to work on the box that he had hauled

Win Some of the \$500 for Xmas Money.

A SIMPLE, easy cipher will be found in one of the twelve chapters of "The Girl in Blue." You are expected to solve that cipher and write the solution in the blank given below. The cipher in question in the blank given below.

sentence which contains the first eight words of the twenty-three words comprising the translation of the cryptogram. So it is necessary for the reader to follow the entire story.

There are many ciphers in existence, but the one which competitors are here shown consists of the using of fig

res for letters. Four words will be given as a start in the key, and the other letters of the alpurbet not found in

these words will follow. By the exercise of a little thought and ingenuity the cipher may be readily translated.

The story will end on Saturday, Dec. 19, and answers will be received up to noon of Monday, Dec. 21. Fill out this

blank and send it to "Girl in Blue Editor of Evening World, P. O. Box 1854, New York City."

that cipher and write the solution in the blank given below. The cipher in question was not the one given in the first instalment, but is the cryptogram which appears in the eighth chapter. In other chapters besides that the contains the cipher hints as to its solution will be scattered. In the eleventh chapter, io: instance, occurs a

Solve the Simple Cipher in This Story and

Then with a grim chuckle of disgust

he let the weapon slip back into his pocket and rose to his full height. "I guess this comes under the category of 'Wasted Crimes,' he drawled.

'Empty!" groaned Clayton.

out-of-date lock glance at the huddled heap on the stone floor from which a trickle of Raynor bent nearer, half drawing the blood was beginning to spread into knife as Clayton threw back the lid of dark pool. "We've staked them against Nothing! Come away!"

> On the followist morning Clayton and Ezra Raynor were at their desks on time and the manner of neither be night's horror.

"Not quite," cried Ezra optimistically.
"A nice bungle you both made of
"What!" exclaimed Hyde, a new hope
in his tone and peering again into the
"Private office she heard the result of investigation." dim recesses of the box; "not empty?" the attempted robbery.
"No," answered Ezra. "I see quite a "We played the best we could, con-

UNMASKED.

"No," replied Muriel, after a tour of I'll confess to you that it's her beduty exestigation. "Neither she nor Mr. as much as her possible fortune that draws me to her. Her face is fortune

10î Prizes in All.

First Prize......\$50

Five Prizes, each...... 10

Seventy Prizes, each......

Twenty-five Prizes, each....

spreading her skin. Her light eyes blazed, but she sipoke no word. Turning on her heel, she left the room. She put on her hat and jacket and went out. After nearly an hour's absence she returned, carrying with her a

Muriel went pale, a greenish tint over

On the back of Miss Gilchrist's desk stod a bottle of violet water. When the close air and long hours of ork made Hilda' head ache she was wont to bathe temples and eyelids in this cooling, rofreshing liquid. This was a daily custom of Hilda's and Muriel knew it. Passing carelessly by Hilda's vacant desk she cleverly substituted for the violet-water bottle a precisely similar bottle she had just bought. This second

bottle had originally held the same perfume, but Muriel had emptied it out. science diotates. If your mind is a just before Christmas, too! Those jokes, filling the bottle with another liquid blank cut out the other one printed in which have wrecked the peace and she had had some trouble in purchas-This new liquid was vitriol.

"I fancy," she murmured, as she returned to her own desk in Clayton's office, "that after she's once anointed her baby face with that lotion Miss Hilda Gijchrist's beauty won't attract my dear employer quite as much as itdid. Fool that he was to think he could outwit me!"

Ezra and Hyde were still in the inner office when she entered. The look of fury was gene from her face. Both men looked relieved at its departure. "Say, Muriel," began Clayton awk-

wardly, "I didn't mean to rile you, you know. I'm sorry, and-look That chair's broken. It collapsed with me this morning."

His warning came too late. Murie had seated herself in her accustomed chair before the words reached her. The chair careened and she was thrown forward, her forehead striking the desk front with such force as to knock her Her unconsciousness lasted but a mo-

ment. Yet it was long enough to wreck her whole future. For, while Hyde was trying to lift her to the sofa, Ezra dashed into the stenographer's room in search of a restorative. The bottle or Hida's desk caught his eye, Muriel was just recovering consciou

ness as Ezra rushed back, bottle

Bue even as she spoke Ezra (unuse to women's swoons and fearing her cr was the prelude to a fit of hysterics) nuried the contents of the bottle full is hurled the contents of the her face.

Shrick after shrick tore through the great building and the employees hurried in to see, on the floor, a featureless creature writhing in a shroud of liquid

(To Be Continued.)

The next prize story will be "Th sidering the cards we held," replied flush of rage to Clayton's face.

Raynor sullenly, "What a joker old "I may as well tell you, Muriel," he must have been to lead his aid, spitefully, "that I still mean to niece by means of a cipher to an empty narry her. Now that you're married.

Girl in Green," which will begin in The Evening World of Monday, Jan. 4. Five hundred deliars in prizes.

10 more thermometers of the country's condition than a high collar and ny! Don't you see the point of the situation even yet? The Gilchrist girl white tie represent the gospel of Christ. When pinched they howl and are was ahead of you! She went there as astonished to see that America does not squirm. They are no more creasoon as she read the cipher and she got tive than a faro bank. In a way they are shrewd, but are ignorant of the out all the money or whatever the box political parties and even Presidents, but their days as an advisory threatening political factor is passing."

In Wall street there is a poetic spot. One would as much expect to find flower blooming fragrant in Hades as an oasis in Wall street, but it is there, and about it are clustered the tender memories of a home long ago. In the office of Nevada Stranahan, Collector of the Port, there burned a fire of hickory logs. Spacious the fireplace, broad the hearth, with embers slowly falling, how dear a recollection mounted with the flame. The towering buildings made twilight in the room, early morning, one could fancy, and the children of the past came gleofully to take down their Christman stockings. Out of the years fond faces arose, old faces, wrinkled with care, but bright on this Christmas morning. The boughs of the old apple tree waved at the window, and out across the lane where the snow birds twittered on the fence lay the farm, cleared by brave and sturdy hands so many years ago.

A sister's laugh, a brother's romping joy! Some one left the door oper and the dogs ran in to sniff at the fire and to frisk, and about old Rover's neck a happy toddler threw his dimpled arms. Sleigh bells tinkled, and WM. FAVERSHAM LORD AND from the roadway came the neighbor's lusty cry, "Christmas gift!" and back with the music of the bells floated the words, "And God bless you!" Misty the picture grew-those dimpled arms so long hidden by the stone; seemed that the occasion demanded something poetic, and I began, "I may and in at the window came a roar and on the air was the cry of human greed. Again it was Wall street.

100 PRIZES XMAS PUZZLES. ALL XMAS WEEK . In THE EVENING WORLD

MORGAN'S RIVAL

J. Pierpont Morgan's great rival in the iron world is Miss Antoinette Bertha Krupp, helress to the great Krupp Gun and Iron Works in Germany. Miss Krupp same time to access her of absolute probably is the richest young woman in Europe. She is the elder of the two Dimocrat. daughters of the late Baron Alfred Krupp. His last will and testament made her heiress to all his millions, inphalia and in Spain. Conservative estinates make the value of this great property at least \$75,000,000. When Miss Krupp becomes of age all this wealth will become hers absolutely. She is ineteen years old.

LINCOLN'S SCHOOLMATE.

J. W. Lamar, who claimed to be the last surviving schoolmate of Abraham Lincoln, is dead at Buffaloville, Ind., WOMAN'S UNHAPPY LOT.

Since the world began it has been the custom of mar to hold woman respon sibi- for all his misfortunes and at the irresponsibility.-New Orleans Times-

BEFORE AND AFTER.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought

The Old Jokes Home. By Prof. Josh M. A. Long.

The Battle Cry of Freedom for Rejuvenated Jokes

IN REGARD TO THE OLD JOKES' HOME QUESTION

To Put In

To Take Out

Put a cross mark in the space oppo-site "Put In" if you believe in putting the old jokes in the Old Jokes' Home, make a cross mark in the space against, "Take Out" if your convictions are for more humane policy.

ADDRESS.....

THE voting still continues. On one side stands Prof. Josh M. A. Long and the reform element, who are advocating the liberation of every rejuvenated joke who, upon test, is fo to have strength enough to get over the hestra.

On the other side stands the radical ele ment, led by the once vigilant and effi-cient Officer Jerry Sullivan, and secretly, but none the less powerfully, he is backed by Old Dr. Lemonosky. This politic and practical person but waits the Old Jokes' Home. for the expression of public opinion in our famous "Put In or Take Out" balot to declare himself.

Let them all come! Mambers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty vote as your conthis paper and put a cross mark in tranquillity of so many happy hosses, now, that they are rested and strength-encd and rejuvenated, will start outsi If you believe in keeping all jokes in-

arcerated in the Old Jokes' Home vote hungry and eager for poor innoc. Put In." If you believe that it will victims, and, joining with their sec help Wall street, the Christmas trade, cousins, the "old chestnuts," will begin to consummate their deadly work.

"Take Out."

Josh M. A. Long and Old Dr. Lemonosky, but mutual friends look forward in my collar button for five centuries, to a reconciliation if the hard times It is very dusty, but I suppose you will continue.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF S.P.C.H. No more badges of the S. P. C. H. will be given out until it is ascertained who is Boss, Prof. Josh M. A. Long or Officer Jerry Sullivan (Old Dr. Lemonosky's catspaw). Until such

settled by ballot, Prof. Josh M. A. Long will confiscate the stamps sent in for badges. LETTERS! LETTERS:

Prof. Josh M. A. Long: Having lost my sense of humor, I would like the joke released from the home as "overlined" in above clipping of W. J. C., Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.

But in the clipping there was nothing overlined but the name of Sen. Depochairman of the board of trustees of There is some mystery here! Objects.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

Do you realize what you are doing! Did you stop to consider the damage you will cause by your rash act?

Wants to Put In. Relations are strained between Prof. Prof. Josh M. A. Long:
Osh M. A. Long and Old Dr. LemonI have an old joke which was hidden clean it off. Why is New York like an electric bell?

Because it has a Battery. Why is Brooklyn like a blade of grass? Because it has a Greenpoint. GUSTAV WILLIAM LEONHART, No. 214 East Eeventy-seventh street.

AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT. UMBRELLAS. Unique in style, dainfiness of design and enduring qualities: \$2.00 to \$30.00. I BARCLAY ST., NEAR B'WAY.

Amusements.

KNICKERBOCKER THE SAME BEW TCHING, LIVELY

ANNA HELD in "MAM'SELLE NAPOLEON.
"The best of all musical comedies with
he handsomest chorus in the world."

WALLACK'S Broadway and 30th st.

WEST END THEATRE. o-night, Kate Claxton in The Two Orphans. ext Sunday—Wagner Selections exclusively. Faiter Damposch & N.Y. Symphony Orchestra eats now FIVE WEEKS. Beginning. Grand Opera in English.

CADEMY OF MUSIC, 14th St. & Irving Pl. WAY DOWN EAST Never Seen Outside of This Theatre.
PRICES: 25, 50, 75, \$1.00.
Mats. Xmas. Wed. & Sat., 2. Ev., 8.15. PASTOR'S CONTINUOUS ules and Bila GARRISON, Lo Billy Hart, Carlin and Otto. AMERICAN 42d st., n'r B'way, Eve 8 80 OUR NEW MINISTER. NEXT SUNDAY-TED MARKS CONCERT NEW EMPIRE THEATRE. B'way & 40th a

MAUDE ADAMS THE PRETTY NEW LYCEUM W.45th st., E. of B. way.
WM. GILLETTE IN THE ADMITABLE
CRICHTON.

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Evgs., 8.20. Mat. Wed., Sat., 2.15
WHITEWASHING JULA FAY DAVIS
GARDEN THEATRE, 27th st. & Mad. ave
Evgs. 8. Matthee Saturday, 2. WEEKS THREE LITTLE MAIDS HUDSON THEATRE, 44th, near B'way, and the Brown and Mart Wed & Sat. 2.15.
MARIE TEMPEST | THE MARRIAGE and Co., including Mr. LEONARD BOYNE. Vaudeville THEA 44th St. nr. 5th Sve. CHARLOTTE WIEHE FRENCH COMPANT. ATLANTIC GARDEN.
Deltorelli & Glissandos. The Maginleys. Moron & Russell. Carter & Bluford. John R.
Harty. Eschert's Lady Orch.

MADISON FOOTBALL Adm. 50c. Seat SQUARE OLD Until Dec. 19. 2 Games Each N' For Athletic & Interscholastic Champ'ns'i

METROPOLIS Eyes. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat 142d st. & 3d av. THE KING OF DETECTIVES. Next Week—Queen of the White Slaves. WEEKS ROBERT B. MANTELL in THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

HARLEM FIREL BARRYMORE "Courin Kate." Next Week. Fortes Robertson. In the Light Seats on Sale, Gertrude Elliott That Failed MADISON SQUARE, A GIRL FROM DIXIE Casino ais Paula Edwardes WINNIE

FRECKLES

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CHAIRMAN.

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Sin St. Her First False Siep Acholesome Mark Mon. Wed. Thurs. & Sat.

Mats. Wed. & Sat. MOTHER GOOSE NEW YORK EVED. S.15. Mats. Wed. 2 Sec. 1.00, 1.50. BERTHA GALLAND IN DOROTHY VERNON OF HADDON HAM A JAPANESE WIGHTINGALE ICTORIA. FRANK DANIEL Ev.S.15.Mt.Sat. In THE OFFICE BOY IRCLE Broadway and 60th St.

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BEDINI & ARTHUR. KEOUGH &
BALLARD. 4 Huntings & many other MAJESTIC WELL MAND

DEWEY World Beaters Burlesquer S. 14th St. JAMES J. JEFFRIES perform Sunday Night-Grand Concert 25c. -Grand FRANCIS WILSO Star Players ERMINE WEBER & FIELDS' MUSIC | BWALL Sysa & Mata. Whoop-Dee-Doo ... WAFFLES BELASCO THEATRE EVE 8 Share CROSMAN in DAVID BELASCO'S NEW PLANTS Manhattan Charles RICHMAN -CAPT. BARRINGTON.

COMEDY B'way, 65th St. VAUDEVILLE SUNDAY CONCERTS. Mats. Daily. Green Trading Stamps. MINER'S Sth av. and 25th at

Brooklyn Amusements. MONTAUK. Wed and Best AY TEMPLETON BUNAWAYS

SUNDAY WORLD WANTS WORK MONDAY MORNING WOND

OPIE READ TALKS TO MONEY KINGS

Distinguished Western Writer Beards Morgan and Dill in Their Lairs and Notes Their Peculiarities in Dealing with Big Events.

BY OPIE READ. Author of "A Kentucky Colonel," "A Tennessee Judge," "The Jucklins," "The Starbucks," &c.

ARTICLE III.

GNORANCE may not be dazzled by wisdom, but over poverty there is cast a spell when it is permitted to gaze upon countless wealth. The bellowers and groaners of the Stock Exchange are but the loud splashers in the seething waters; the causes of the choppy tides for the most part lie hidden from the admiration or the reproach of the public eye.

And to common sense, when it halts to think and to know, nothing is more uninteresting than the average millionaire. In Wall street, however, the average millionaire is interesting because he is uncertain. His qualities are not settled enough to become stale. He is not, like the typical banker of the town of 25,000 inhabitants, difficult

to approach when once you have got into his room and shut the door. Morgan is easy to entertain when you convince him that escape is hopeless. In that powerful voice whose tremule has raised into goose-fiesh the smoothest of skin there is a plaintive and pathetic note, and the hand that may crush is not devoid of a gentle touch. He takes one into his confidence to the extent of silently saying, "There, now, please tell me what I cannot

possibly do for you and run along." His intimates say that he has a warm and most kindly heart, and the estimate of a friend as to the quality of generosity is worth more than the observation of a thousand strangers.

"Mr. Morgan, doubtless I have something that may interest you," said I, and out of the deep basement of his echoing voice came the thrilling "Ah, sir, but I come with a new scheme." And upon me he turned

that marvellous eye camera, catching the weak spots in man, and not a living entity, without a certain music in his tones he replied, "All out." "But, sir," I pleaded, "contrary to my weary appearance I

work this morning?"

MORGAN RUBBED

"Is that possible?" he inquired, rubbing his hands until the generated warmth made me feel quite at home. But he seemed just a little

"Empty!" echoed Muriel. "You nin-

neld. That's why you found nothing."

suddenly, "she couldn't have gotten the whole fortune or she'd never have kept

on working here. The box probably held some sort of memoranda telling

where the fortune really was. She can't have gotten it yet. What we must

do is to track her wherever she goes

lead us to the money. Is she at

Whatever she found," said Clayton

"We must kill him," said Hyde calmly. "We can't let him live with that

knowledge."

ou know how we sometimes feel in the presence of unexpected company. And he had not looked forward to a call from me. The fact is, he did not know that I had arrived from Paris. Doubtless he thought that I was still in the Latin Quarter. So he rubbed his hands and after a time moved out from any constraint that I might have put upon him. At this moment it

be poor now, sir, but when my ship comes sailing in I"-"Whist," he whispered, and respecting his emotion my voice sank into soft and downy silence. But in the presence of greatness it is not man's province to remain silent. He thinks that to be entertaining he must continue to talk.

"But my scheme," said I. "You have not grasped it." They have said that great financiers are materialistic, that in their hearts they hold not the sweet memories of Italian sunsets, but they do, they certainly must, for, as if dwelling fondly upon the past, he wanderingly replied: "Shoot it off."

nyself. I have a gold mine in Montana, and last year"-"Last year." he broke in, "you took out \$750,000."

"But you put it all back to encourage the mine." "Some one must have told you," I exclaimed.

may have grasped the great affairs

of history, but not of the present, it

"You had a two-stamp mill, and now you want to put in a'thirty-stamp. You don't want to sell out. Oh, far be it from you! What you want is to raise money enough to prove to the mine that it is still worthy of esteem. You

MONG other great men I met James B. Dill, and he is a great man in this day of conventional puppets; not because he drew the cluding the cun works at Essen, charter for the Carnegie company and drafted the bill for the ship works and wharves at Kiel and all mighty Corporation law of New Jersey, but because he thinks like his iron ore and coal mines in West-

A REAL STATESMAN.

"The time is past," said he, "when the non-producing gamblers of Wall

of his countenance glowed with a new and kindly efful-

reasure chest!"

HIS BIG HANDS. embarrassed-not frightened, but

"Ah, and I thank thee, King Agrippa, that I am permitted to speak for

"Yes," I cried, almost breathless.

want a million dollars. You shall have it. Go home, and I'll send it by

an American and talks like a statesman. To the scribbler more in-DILL TALKS LIKE clined to dream than to work, who

is inspiring to meet a man to whom no current thought seems elusive, but

street can throw this mighty country into a panic. They are simply geysers aid in their own muddy spoutings they will drawn themselves. They are aged eighty-five.

"I has seen some men," said Uncl sleep serenadin' a gal, an' den refuse t git up early enough to staht de fir aftuh dey's married."—Washington Sta